The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME II.—No. 7.

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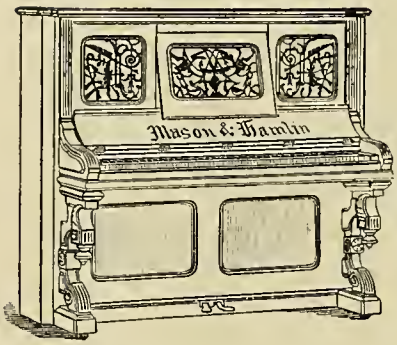

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. II. BOSTON, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1, 1890. No. 7

The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price, $2.00 a year, in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

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BERTHA DeF. BRUSH, '93. AMY AUGUSTA WHITNEY, Sp.
CHARLOTTE F. ROBERTS, '80.

All literary communications from the students of the College should be sent to LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Charlotte F. Roberts, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions should be sent, *in all cases*, to Esther Bailey, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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THE appearance of a long article on student life at Wellesley in any paper or magazine not connected with the College naturally excites the interest not only of all the students but of all those who have the welfare of Wellesley at heart. It is a matter of considerable importance to the friends of Wellesley that such an article should represent the life truly, not dwelling on some one phase of interest to the exclusion of others equally prominent, but giving an accurate and comprehensive picture of the life as it is.

From this point of view objection could not reasonably be made to the article on "Student Life at Wellesley College," in a recent number of a well known magazine. A very fair view of the subject under discussion is presented. All sides of Wellesley life are treated with equal care, so that, from the article, people entirely unacquainted with Wellesley could form a clear idea of its many-sided activity. The pictures of the various buildings, furnishing the external setting to the life described, are a decided addition to the value of the article.

But, to one feature of the article, the pictures of various groups of the students, decided objection presents itself. That the pictures of the students taken without the vaguest suspicion that they might ever attain publicity, should be scattered abroad over the country, reprinted in papers of various degrees of excellence, seems an event extremely undesirable. Not only do the young ladies whose faces are distinctly recognizable in the cuts object, but all Wellesley students feel that the photographs taken for private use and enjoyment should not in any case be made public property.

It is inexplicable that a Wellesley student herself should have furnished the photographs, as we must believe the case since the article is signed, A WELLESLEY GIRL. Even if she was willing to have her own picture used in this way, she must have known that the many others for whom she was acting could not share her willingness. It is unaccountable that, having herself lived in the atmosphere of Wellesley, she should not have felt that she had not the right to use the property of others in a way distasteful to them. The unnecessary publicity attending the circulation of these pictures cannot prove of advantage to Wellesley, and therefore the disapproval of all friends of the College is the inevitable result of their publication.

The editors of the PRELUDE wish to state that they were ignorant of the intended advertisement in the issue of Oct. 18, of the article referred to, since the business of advertisements is managed outside the college. They did not, therefore, by the publishing of this advertisement, give their sanction to an article involving a principle meeting with their decided disapproval.

Freeman has set the rest of the College a good example by the foundation of a Pedestrian Club.

Thirty of the good walkers of this cottage have resolved themselves into a club whose purpose shall be to take long walks once a week anyway, twice if possible.

The roads about Wellesley are unusually favorable for the practice of such a club. There are many towns and villages, besides places of considerable interest, historical, artistic, and otherwise, within comparatively easy walking distance of our College walls, so that always the tramp may have some definite end in view to give zest and spirit to the exercise.

Many of the shorter walks are not so long but they may serve as admirable substitutes for the monotonous daily exercise on the plank walks. Among the easily accessible destinations are Wellesley Hills, South Natick, with its scenes of historical interest and many connections with Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Old-Town Folks," of which it is the scene, Lake Crossing green-house, Morse's Pond, generally indefinitely known as "the other lake," and Natick, toward which shopping excursions may be directed.

When a longer walk of from ten to twenty miles is desirable, opportunities are more numerous. Pegan Hill offers a delightful view of quite a large section of Massachusetts to those who climb its long incline. Farm Pond in Sherborn, is a good walking distance; also any one of the group of little villages over to the south-eastward, Dedham and Needham, Dover and Medfield. Echo Bridge is in Newton Upper Falls, only five miles away from Lake Waban. In an opposite direction, to the northwest are Weston and Wayland, and the Wayside Inn of poetic renown in Sudbury, nearer us than Concord. With a good county map, showing all the roads, many a profitable as well as enjoyable hour might be spent in exploring the small section of Massachusetts having Wellesley as its centre.

The office clock is old, and by its recent fits and starts has suggested the thought that a more reliable time-piece would be a great convenience. This is the only public clock in the building, and is therefore used exclusively by a large number of people. Evidently a clock so much used should be one which furnishes reliable time. In order to keep the present clock up to standard time, outside interference is frequently necessary, so that it is likely to be dangerous for the welfare of a watch kept in coincidence with College time. A clock on each of the four floors, or at least one on the third, would be of considerable advantage; but if this is not possible, at least reliable time should be found in the general office.

MY CLOCK.

In the deepest of confidence, I will confess to the readers of the "PRELUDE" that I am haunted. Were I not writing anonymously, I could not so boldly avow the fact, for I wander through the halls, appear in the class-room like any ordinarily happy mortal, I smile frequently, and even in the presence of the intruding spirit, have been known to laugh heartily. Yet melancholy has marked me for its own, and the soul long over-burdened can only find relief in outward expression. Though none may know whose troubles are here confessed, the mere fact that they here at last found utterance will be a relief to me.

If you should come up to my room tonight, you would see upon my desk a little nickel clock, a clock which would attract neither admiration nor aversion; you would regard it rather with supreme indifference. It looks innocent and harmless enough; it has an open, honest-appearing face, long, slender, aristocratic hands and a well-modulated voice. Yet let me tell you what it says to me as I sit here alone with it, "Tick-tock—do you think I do not know what you are writing? Tick-tick-tick–Don't you know I always watch your every motion? Tick-tock, tick-tock, good joke that about my honest face!"—(Here a little clock-laugh which sounds like a dismal whirr of wheels.) "Did you ever know me to tell the truth in my life? Not I! I'm not built on that plan! Tick-tick-tick. I'm the laughing stock of your friends. They think it's my stupidity, but it isn't, it's pure wickedness—" here the harsh whirr again—"And you always feel obliged to defend me—and you can never get rid of me, never, never, never, and the best of it all is, you don't know what I am, what I am!" Then follows a monotonous ticking which sounds like a constant repitition

of "What am I? What am I? What am I?" until I long to smother my tormentor under a pillow, but dare not.

No one would like to be this addressed by a little round-faced nickel clock, and especially when one is obliged to wince under the truth of the remarks. It is true that the little nickel time-piece keeps one under a constant espionage. It knows my every movement, jeers at me, and mocks me continually. Am I in a hurry, that fact is immediately recognized, and my little friend spins on all his aged wheels, lashes his ticking machine to a mad frenzy of haste, leers down upon me, and keeps repeating, in hasty jeers, "Late! Late! Getting late! Late! Late! Getting late! In the evening am I weary, and would I seek repose? Then this watchful companion feels weary too, his wheels are scarcely able to revolve, his hands crawl slowly over his face, and he drawls out, "No! No! Early yet!"

There is one point and one only, in which my clock is consistent,—it never tells the truth. It may be too fast, it may be too slow, but of this one may be certain, it is never just right.

One evidence that it is not an ordinary clock but a real haunting ghost may be found in the following facts. I took it to a desert island one summer and thought I had seen the last of it. I joyfully departed to make a visit to my sister, but one of the first objects upon which my eye rested was this same little clock, sitting on her mantel-piece. Nothing daunted, I presented it to her, and returned to Wellesley, only to find it still sitting on my desk, jeeringly ticking away, "Back! Back! Came back! Back! Back! Came back!" I am sure, then, that I am haunted, but the question off recurs to me—by what? and why? I sometimes wonder if I have ever so maliciously killed time that this little time-piece was sent to punish me for my wanton murder. At other times I am inclined to recognize the ghost of some one of my ancestors in this little nickel case, for —this in confidence—I sometimes find in my failings little points of resemblance to myself, and many of its shortcomings seem to indicate that it is actuated by a human spirit. For example, it too lately had a freak of refusing to go on Sundays. Just as soon as Saturday night comes around, it folds its hands piously over its face, refuses to utter another tick, and simply stared down upon me with a stern air of virtue. Now I have seen people, who would refuse to do on Sunday the things which they did not wish to do, and considered themselves very virtuous therefore, however disagreeable and inconvenient they made things for others, but I do not think that a mere machine, a thing of springs and wheels, nickel and steel, would act in that way, unless animated by a human spirit. But as to the way his shortcomings remind me of my own—I am determined to confess them, thinking that perhaps the ghost is sent as a warning, and may be recalled as soon as I show that I have profited by his visit. This is a task from which I would like to withdraw. I do not like to confess my faults. This failing is something which I have inherited from my ghostly clock ancestor, for when I try to set my little time-piece right or regulate its conduct, instead of sweetly owning its shortcomings and trying to do better, it stops short, sulks, and refuses to go until well shaken. Now I am sure that there is a screw loose in my clock, and think it very probable that I may be afflicted in a similar manner. There are times when I think I discern in my ancestral time-piece traces of malice,—it seems to delight going wrong just at the most inopportune moments, and then to gloat over my discomforture. Now I have sometimes fancied that there is a trace of malice in my own composition,—just enough to make me interesting.—Here a warning tick from the clock seems to say, "Speak the truth, speak the truth," strange advice surely from one, whose life has been a barefaced lie, but I am meekly obedient to my stern mentor, and will acknowledge that there is perhaps more than a trace of malice in nature. It really gives me some pleasure to inflict pain or inconvenience upon my fellow-beings, when they have not treated me with what I consider proper appreciation, though of course I always endeavor to torture them in a perfectly well-bred and ladylike manner, and it was sometime before I understood myself that I was taking any pleasure in the process.

There is a peculiar sensitiveness to personal influences in my clock, which I never saw in any other time-piece. I have in mind a friend, who

always seems to arouse an antagonism and hostility in the innermost recesses of the clock anatomy. Does she enter the room, the wheels almost invariably cease to revolve, the cheerful tick-tick is stopped, and the room is filled with silence. I cannot wonder, for from the moment she enters, she does nothing but taunt and jeer at my chronometer. Now I have frequently found that there are people, who affect me in the same way that she does my clock. The moment I come into their presence, I am struck dumb, the cheerful outburst of melody and song, which generally escapes from my lips, is frozen by the knowledge of their adverse criticisms. This I acknowledge to be foolish, weak, and blame-worthy, but I believe most strongly in the law of heredity and cannot think that I am to blame if, as I believe, I inherit this and similar traits from the spirit, which turns the wheels of my clock in such a cranky manner.—There are a host of other shortcomings, which I might mention as tracing our relationship, self-will, obstinacy, vanity, etc., etc., but my clock has stopped, and so will I.

ABOARD THE "GULL."

For almost a week Nature had shrouded herself in a cloak of thick, white fog, but at last she had laid it aside, rather reluctantly, to be sure, and had allowed the sun to peep once more into one of the prettiest little harbors on the Maine coast.

The sunbeams danced cheerily down into the pleasant cove, shut in on either side by projecting headlands of steep, wooded cliffs, and tried to coax a smile from the sullen sea; but the great waves stubbornly resisted their good-humored efforts, and curled in haughty scorn, leaving along the beach a line of feathery, white foam, and relentlessly sweeping the little pebbles down with a sharp, clattering sound. At the end of the beach a ledge made out into the water so as to break the force of the waves between it and the cliff beyond. Here the water rippled quietly up among the rocks, the overhanging trees upon the cliff cast an inviting shade at its foot, and a freshwater spring trickled musically down a cleft in the cool rock.

In this delightful nook a lazy little group of three were assembled one August morning. Edna leaned comfortably back against the rocks, which were voted the softest on the coast, letting the wind play undisturbed with the leaves of her book—a picture of idle content. Tom lounged beside her, lazily turning over the pebbles in search of a "lucky stone." Fanny's graceful figure was poised lightly on a far-out point of the ledge, as she slowly let drop into the water, one by one, a handful of little pebbles. But the fresh breeze and the dancing sunbeams had aroused in her more energy than in her companions, and dropping the rest of the stones with a splash, she turned upon her comrades with the sudden exclamation, "Why can't we go sailing!"

"Good for you, Fan! It is a shame to spend our first pleasant day so lazily," said Edna, as she threw off her dreamy mood with a shrug, and looked upon her friend with approval.

"Come, Tom, be energetic and take us out," urged Fanny hurrying over the rocks with more haste than grace.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," returned Tom gloomily, contriving to assume a "bored" expression. The girls, without waiting for a more enthusiastic rejoinder, had already begun to gather together books, parasols, and shawls, and soon all three were comfortably settled on board the "Gull."

The sails filled prettily, and the little sloop skimmed as gracefully over the water as any of her namesakes. Far out beyond the little bay they went, in and out among the islands, where the waves, like hungry wolves, leapt up upon the cliffs and scattered the foam high over the ledges. Far off in the distance, the sun touched a church-spire just visible in the fog beyond, and made it shine with a misty, golden light. The old light-house pointed Heavenward with a persistence less grim and forboding in the brilliant, flashing sunlight. Now and then a vessel appeared, misty and faint in the distant fog, and the little group, no longer lazy, discussed the fate of the "Phantom Ship," and chatted gayly while the time sped on even faster than the "Gull."

"Tom, you look as surprised as if you had seen Marley's ghost. What is the matter?" said Fan, as Tom stopped suddenly in the midst of a brilliant plan. Tom pointed to the treacherous bank of

fog, which, unobserved, had been rolling rapidly toward them, and then to the same cruel enemy creeping stealthily along the shore which they had left.

"Do you think that we can get home."

"We will race the fog," returned Tom, reversing the course of the yacht.

The little "Gull" bounded homeward, but the enemy swept down upon it from all sides, imprisoning it in its firm grasp. The sun, the rocky coast, and the picturesque islands disappeared, and everything was envelloped in a still, cold, impenitrable, white mass. The fog horn at the lighthouse began its dismal solo, and wailed mournfully at regular intervals.

"How cold it is!" said shivering Edna.

Fanny drew her light wrap closer, and gazed silently into the mist. Tom gave his cap a determined pull, and set his lips firmly as he grasped the tiller.

Sometimes it seemed as if they could see miles ahead, again they seemed to be running against an impassable wall. Hark! What was that? Only the sound of the waves that, a little while before, they had thought so beautiful and grand, hurling themselves with angry force against the rocks. Nearer and nearer came the sound, until they could hear each wave as it broke in seething foam. It was clear that they could not go on; it might be quite as dangerous to turn back; it was sure destruction to drift about.

"We must sail back and forth before this sound," thought Tom with sudden decision.

Hour after hour passed in tracing and retracing their short course. "Will it never end," they thought, as the roar of the waves and the dismal foghorn grew unbearably monotonous.

"I'm ravenously hungry," said Fan at last, diving into the little cabin, and returning with a lunch-basket encouragingly heavy. But alas, it contained, besides an empty olive-bottle, only a crust or two of bread, and several pieces of dry cake. Tom threw the bottle overboard in disgust and was tempted to do likewise with the cake. They forgot their woes for a time in the exertion of making such a repast.

Darkness decended upon them, and with it an uncontrollable desire for sleep. Fanny struggled bravely, but her eyelids drooped heavily over her aching eyes, and she was at length beyond care and worry. Cold, hunger and exhaustion proved to much for Edna also, and Tom was left to face the dangers and anxieties of the night alone. His eyes were strained, he was so weary with listening and watching, and he shivered involuntarily.

Above the roar of the waves he heard a schooner ploughing the water close upon them. He heard the creaking boom, and saw the huge bulk riding them down. Terror transfixed him; he could neither speak nor move. The vision faded. He realized with thanksgiving and relief that the schooner was passing. "Ship ahoy!" he cried again and again.

The girls awoke with a start conscience-stricken at having withdrawn companionship, the only aid they had to offer, for Tom held in his hand not only the course of the "Gull," but for a time the course of their lives also. Edna and Fanny mingled their shrill cries with Tom's more lusty ones, but the wind scattered them as it did the spray, and soon both the danger and the possible help were past.

The morning brought no hope. All was fog, fog, fog! Hours of watching, waiting, hunger, and silence; words which sometimes brought tears to the eyes of the girls, and by which, again, they tried to bring smiles to their lips, and then darkness descended once more upon them. Forty-eight hours of waiting! Would it never end? It was almost dawn. Could that be the outline of cliffs before them, becoming more and more distinct in the light. Yes, the fog had at last loosed its bonds of imprisonment, and was rolling away as silently and quickly as it had come.

The sun's kindly touch softened the stern aspect of the cliffs, the waves seemed not so cruel after all, and the retreating fog lost its stealthy look. On, on flew the little "Gull" homeward. The shining harbor greeted them, the trees, glistening with moisture, sparkled and flashed only joy, and a sea-gull flew caressingly about the boat. There were the moorings, the beach, the pleasant nook, everything as they had left it on that idle morning. No, not quite everything, for there were gathered there a group of friends as pale and worn with watching and waiting as themselves.

Jennie M. Furber, '92.

AN AUTUMN DAY.

An autumn day. A day all still.
The melancholy that I love,
When life and nature harmonize—
The earth in tune with sky above;

The birds, consulting where to fly
Till winter's might brings spring's soft day;
The tree. which put on hectic hues,
Or pallid in their first decay;

When leaves begin to strew the ground,
That footsteps of a wandering pair
May not disturb the deep, profound
Repose, enwrapping earth and air.

The scent of fallen leaves give forth
To restless spirits, tired of strife,
Becomes a perfect anodyne.
A rest from care, a lease of life.

Delicious Autumn! wed to thee
My soul is and I must now speak:
Were I a bird about the earth
Successive autumns would I seek.

Minnie Crosby Emery, *Student* '84-'85.

AND A KISS FOR EACH YOUNG LADY.

Among the many tenement blocks of New York City, there is a certain one, just like all the others, perhaps, in appearance, and yet not like any other after all. For no other block than this encloses the particular rear tenement-block, wherein, way up on the top floor, many stories up toward the sky, there is a tiny room which a certain family of five call their home, as long as they can pay the rent.

The room is neat and clean, but almost bare, with none of the comforts of life, hardly with the necessities of existence. Poor Mr. Beck lies here all day, unable to do anything but suffer pain and hunger, watching his two little girls, six and five years old, try to amuse themselves and baby, while mother is out trying to get some work. When he was well and could work, and Mrs. Beck had her machine for the sewing she brought home, they were prosperous and happy. But now he has been sick, and Mrs. Beck has struggled on all winter to buy the food and medicine required, and at last has been compelled to pawn the machine itself, their very means of livelihood, to pay rent for the roof which shelters them. And so his children play around him; hungry perhaps, unless the missionary has just brought them food, ragged, for mother has no time even to attempt making over some of her own poor clothes for them.

There is something very sadly trite about this story, because it is exactly true of this, and many other families both in New York and in many other cities the world over. But when one comes to know especially about the Becks, or whatever name the family bears, it always seems as if something must be done quickly to retrieve this bit of the great pain and hunger.

To the King's Daughters of a certain house in Wellesley came the details of this special story, little by little, in brief letters from Mrs. Beck herself, in acknowledgement of the dollar sent each week to help pay the rent.

Every week for three months came the letters, written with such care and labor, quaint in thought and spelling, often causing the whole council, every member of the house, to break out in laughter; but as often stirring up their sympathy by some new detail of suffering, and exciting them to some new effort to aid, though they were far from rich in this world's goods themselves.

At least once, if not twice, in each letter, the two little girls sent a "kiss to each young lady" nothing daunted by the fact that they must go the rounds for over thirty. And almost every week, Mrs. Beck would write, "This is for Mr. Beck, His letter," and a quotation from the Scriptures would always follow, more or less appropriate for the occasion.

When they learned from these letters that the children were obliged to stay from Sunday-school, for lack of clothes to wear, the council determined to send an Easter box to them, and contributions of old clothes were called for from each member. All gave generously of such things as they had, as did those outsiders who knew anything about the box in time. That Wellesley people are ever generous, this same band learned later, when they were so kindly aided to take the machine out of pawn, and so establish Mrs. Beck at work again.

Several of the household spent a week together at the beach, that spring vacation, and down there

they cut and almost made the dresses which they sent for the little girls, and though only one of these proved to be large enough for Melissa, she was well content as that was perhaps the best and prettiest of them all.

Many other things were brought together for the box, besides the dresses finished after the return to Wellesley, and all was ready for the packing soon. There were many things for baby, for Melissa, for little Sadie, and for Mrs. Beck, but alas! there was nothing found for Mr. Beck. So one rushed off and purchased a "beautiful" silk neck tie, gay with cheering red; and all felt that the box was triumphantly complete.

The letter which acknowledged its receipt, brought ample reward for the labor extended. Even had not all found pleasure in the work itself, the knowledge of the help and pleasure given, must have more than repaid the givers. The thanks and kisses were so freely given round to "each young lady," that each must have had a store laid up for future need, as present desire was quite surfeited, when every little gift was acknowledged with thanks and a kiss distributed round to all.

But Mr. Beck's gratitude for the necktie was most touching, especially as he wrote he would not wear it till he could get a new suit of clothes, while he quoted the whole of the hundred and thirteenth Psalm in praise and thanksgiving.

And now that the summer is passed, and winter is coming again, and Mr. Beck still remains imprisoned by the "dropsy, and kidney and liver complaint," of which Mrs. Beck wrote so pathetically, since indeed there is truly no hope of his recovery, there is a sequel to this simple tale, without which it would never have been written.

The house has once more gathered in the Daughters of the King, who are thus early united in the plan to send a Christmas-box to all the Becks, but have begun their work especially for Mr. Beck, that he may wear his fine necktie at last, and ever feel the cheer of its brightness in that little room on the top floor of the rear tenement.

In Wellesley, where there are never-ceasing calls for cents in this and that direction, one always dreads to add one's voice to the multitude of other voices, which may be showing needs more urgent. In Wellesley College, midst the constant throng through the halls and office, could one hear and heed a modest little voice near the office-table which cried for "seven-hundred cents—a cent from seven hundred—in this little box that Mr. Beck may wear his necktie?"

If it could, there is no doubt that members would not daunt the little maidens in New York, but quickly with eager thanks to all the seven hundred, would be sure to come "a kiss for each young lady."

Bessie B. Scribner, '91.

THE OLD HOME.

It stands alone at the top of the hill,
And on it the years have worked their will.
Where the garden bloomed in days gone by,
Nettles are springing and grass grows high;
The morning-glory's tangled vine
Chokes out tne larkspur and columbine,
And the lilac bushes, ragged and tall,
Have nearly hidden the cottage wall.

Open wide stands the sagging door,
And dead leaves are drifted over the floor;
Vines stray in through the broken panes,
Which give free access to winds and rains;
Creeping things in crevices hide,
And spiders have curtained the fireplace wide.
Desolate all, and dark and drear;
But while I pause a moment to hear
The distant cry of the whip-poor-will,
And the frogs in the marsh beyond the hill,
Memory's magic again recalls
The life that once brightened these mouldering walls.

A glowing fire in the chimney roars,
And over the rafters its radiance pours,
Till the room is alight with a mellow glow,
And ghostly shapes of the long ago
Steal from the shadows, one by one,
And gather around the old hearthstone.
Eyes long closed in a dreamless night
Grow bright again with a tender light;
Hands grown cold in Death's icy grasp,
Meet one another in loving clasp;
Slow pulses quicken and pale cheeks flush,
And gay tones banish the cheerless hush,
As parents and children, lover and bride,
Gather once more round the old fireside.

Fairer than all shines one flower-like face,
A slight form moves with the old-time grace;
Once more the light of the timid eyes
Shines upon me with glad surprise;
Once more I hear the gentle tone,
And spring to meet her and claim my own.
But a sudden cry — and the charm is fled,
The voices are hushed and the lights are dead.
The vision is past and I stand alone
Where the moonlight brightens the old hearthstone.

A. D. '94.

IN AUTUMN SPENDOR.

I sigh for tne joys of the summer departed,—
I smile for the jubilant harvesting days.
And look on the red and the gold of the maples
That gleam in a veiling of silvery haze.

Mabel R. Wing, '87.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Sunday, October 26, Dr. J. B. Thomas, of the Newton Theological Seminary, preached to the students, taking his text from Mark 14: 6, "Brought good work." The prayer meeting usually held on Thursday, was this week postponed until Friday evening. Dr. Charles Robinson of New York, lead the meeting.

* * *

On Saturday, Oct. 25th, at four o'clock, Prof. Cohn gave his first lecture on the literature of the Romance nations, during the Middle Ages. The whole country of Europe, he said, was inhabited by different races. These have not all a literary history. That is the privilege of two great families of nations, subdivisions of the Aryan race. When the unity of Rome broke under its own weight, France leaped into national and political life. The French and the Germanic races together constitute the Romance nations. France represents the spirit of Rome. The Germanic races differ ethnologically, although, through a common origin of speech, an intellectual unity is preserved. The French, Spanish and Portuguese have not a common ancestry, still they are classified together as Romance nations. Prof. Cohn said that the idea of nation was rather a modern idea, and he proceeded to divide the territory according to language, before noticing the seeds of literature and and the literary achievements. All the languages of the Middle Ages were divided into dialects. The dialect of the north was the Langue d'oeil, commonly called Old French. The language of the south was the Langue d'oc, or the Provençal dialect, an entirely different language, with a different literature. Across the Pyrenees, in the territory lying south and south-west, were three different dialects, the Catalonian, the Castilian and the Portuguese. The Castilian was the most brilliant, and it has become the modern Spanish. Italy has had many dialects; that of Florence gradually gained supremacy over the others. In Switzerland other dialects were found, and also in Roumania. Few of these last dialects were fruitful, from a literary point of view. The Roumanian presents only a few fragments of verse. In Switzerland little attention was paid to literature, and nothing permanent or useful to literature was created. The nations that produced the most mediæval literature were England, France, Spain, and Italy. Although there were many scholars at this time, with refined and learned minds, they did not produce anything of importance. An unfortunate linguistic separation existed between the cultured class and the mass of the people. Latin, during the Middle Ages, was not a dead language. It was the medium in which the educated corresponded, conversed, and wrote, but it did not produce any literary masterpieces. Those can be created only in the language which the mass of the people use. Thus, much of the Mediæval literature lacked finish and sincerity, owing to the tendency of the writers to express themselves in Latin. The French language possessed the greatest number of literary works. An enormous mass of epic literature was produced centreing around the heroes Charlemagne and Arthur. A goodly number of lyrics were also written about this time, and were especially popular. The south of France produced a kind of lyrical poetry tnat was particularly beautiful and harmonious in character. Love was usually the inspiring theme. Spain produced no great individual work, but many romances, centering about the Cid. Italy's first literature was an imitation of the French romances in bad Italized French. Later it became intensely individual. Dante was the great Italian master, and others followed his lead, among them Petrarch and Boccacio. The second lecture in this course will be given by Mlle. Pellissier, on Nov. 1. The subject is "Chansons de geste" and "Poems on Antiquity."

* * *

On Saturday evening, October 25th, the regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in Room X, at seven o'clock. There was a full attendance at the meeting, and it was acknowledged by all, that even small, bare rooms have their attractions. After the roll-call had been answered by witty sayings from the different plays, the following program was carried out:—

Subject, SHAKESPEARE'S WITS.

Shakespeare News, - - - - Miss Freeman.

WITS.—Their Place in Shakespeare's Dramatic Art. - - - - - Miss Emerson.

DRAMATIC REPRESENTATION—King Henry IV. pt. 1. ACT. II. Sc. 4.

Falstaff. - - - - - - Miss Palmer.
Prince Hal, - - - - - Miss C. E. Green.
Poins, - - - - - - - Miss Newman.
Shakespeare's Feminine Wits, - Miss Wardwell.
Impersonation, - - - - - Miss Hodgkins.

Dramatic Representation. Much Ado About Nothing.

ACT. I. Sc. 1.

ACT. III. Sc. 2.

Benedict. - - - - - - Miss Kellogg.
Claudio. - - - - - - - Miss Reed.
Don Pedro, - - - - - - Miss Look.

Characters for study.

Falstaff, Dame Quickly, Mistress Page, } Henry IV. pt. 1 and 2. Merry Wives of Windsor.

Benedict, Beatrice, } Much Ado About Nothing.

Rosalind. As You Like it.

Portia, Gratiano, } Merchant of Venice.

Richard III. King Richard III.
Cleopatra. Antony and Cleopatra.
Mercutio. Romeo and Juliet.
Katharine. Taming of the Shrew.
Biron and Rosaline. Love's Labour's Lost.

The Questions for Consideration were
"Tests of Wit,"—and
"Development of Wits from the Earlier to the Later Plays."

Miss Emerson, in her paper, spoke of the individual wit of the individual characters. Fools and clowns were not treated of at all, as their wit is best shown in dramatic representation, while that of the other wits is shown clearly in the thought. Gallant gentlemen and fair ladies indulge in wit for the most part, and the subjects are generally the caprice of lovers and the uncertain chance of love. Shakespeare used wit in the tragedies to lighten or relieve them. In this way truths are presented which would be received in no other way. The unconscious art and skill of Shakespeare himself is seen continually between the lines. At Shakespeare's wit, even the stoical must laugh—they cannot help it. Miss Emerson closed her paper with:—There's nothing like wit, is there? I haven't any myself, but I do like it in Shakespeare. Miss Wardwell treated of Shakespeare's Feminine Wits, in her paper. Shakespeare's Women are never entirely and only wits—wit represents one side of their character. Dame Quickly is a good representative of Shakespeare's lower women wits. Rosaline represents the order between the low and the refined, while Beatrice, Rosalind and Portia are the three Graces. As a gem loses half its beauty, if not in a good setting, so the wit of these three Graces would lose half its attractiveness without the background of noble character and high womanhood. Beatrice is spirited and sparkling; apt and ready in repartee; indefatigable in retort; without consideration of others. In spite of her failings, she is irresistible. Rosalind has a soft heart. She is not so dependent on wit as Beatrice, and unlike Beatrice, she never hints with her sayings. She has wonderful felicity of expression. Portia has more softness and womanliness than Beatrice; she is stronger and deeper than Rosalind. Her wit is brilliant and rich, but the thoughtful woman is always felt behind it. Rosalind's wit is animated by spirit and softened by sensibility; that of Beatrice and Portia is more forceful and sparkling. The members of the Society regretted that Miss Hodgkins was not able to be with them on Saturday evening. Those who took part in the dramatic representations illustrated well the attractiveness and fascination of Shakespeare's wits, and showed a keen appreciation of fun. A short discussion of wit and the tests of wit ended the program. The Society took great pleasure in welcoming four new members, to its Shakespeare work.

* * *

THE regular monthly meeting of the Microscopical and Scientific Society was held last Saturday. The subject of the evening was Nature, and, after the Secretary's report had been given, and the revised constitution read, each of the members present answered to the roll-call by repeating an appropriate quotation from the poets or naturalists. Miss Briggs then gave a short account of the Scientific news of the past month from the world at large. The real work of the evening was commenced by Miss Louise Brown who selected and read the most interesting portions of Emerson's "Essay on Nature." Miss Chambers gave the poetical conception of Creation, illustrated by Wordsworth's sonnet, "The World is too much with us," and by one of his letters to his sister Dorothy. She also read some beautiful passages from Burough's "Touches of Nature." Miss Stockbridge presented some of the quaint but impressive views of our American poet-naturalist, Thoreau, by a reading from his "Walden, or Life in the Woods." A thoroughly interesting sketch of the pine cone was given by Miss Clark. It was shown that the cone is a miniature representation of the whole vegetable kingdom, and the laws that govern the arrangement of its scales in spirals are found to apply to the worlds of Astronomy, as truly as to the

various phenomena of this earth. After the meeting the members were invited to examine some slides which Miss Whiting had kindly brought down for our use. This gave opportunity for becoming better acquainted with the new members, about a dozen of whom have recently joined the Society.

* * *

On Monday evening a large audience gathered in the Chapel to hear Mr. Corey's illustrated lecture on the story of "The Ring of the Niblung." After a short sketch of Wagner's life and a comparison of the sunshiny Greek mythology with the gloomy traditions of the North, Mr. Corey proceeded to the story of Wagner's opera.

Beneath the gentle, rippling Rhine, we see the Rhine maidens frolicing about the precious gold. In the midst of their sport, and their song of praise comes Alberich, the King of the Niblung. The god of darkness becomes at the same time enamoured of the maidens and covetous of the gold, but he who possesses the gold must renounce love that the treasure may endow him with wealth and power. The maidens scornfully taunt the lovesick King. Stung by their taunts he snatches the ring and disappears. Out of the mysterious gold he forges the ring, which brings woe to gods and men.

The scene now changes to beautiful Walhall, the home of the gods. But Wotan, the chief, has not yet paid the price demanded by the giants who built it. Instead of Friea, the goddess of truth, the giants will accept as ransom the ring forged from the stolen gold.

With the aid of Loge, the fire god, Wotan obtains this ring from Alberich by fraud, but the dwarf King delivers with the treasure a curse upon gods and men. This curse at once begins to act. There is a dispute as to its possession, Tafner kills his brother, and retreats with the ring and the magic helmet obtained from Alberich, to guard his treasure in the depth of the forest in the shape of a huge and horrible dragon.

In order that the curse may be removed Wotan descends to earth as Volsung, that by his union with a mortal, there may come a god-like, dauntless race which shall furnish him with a hero to do his bidding. As a result of his mortal marriage the twins Siegmund and Sieglinde are born. Soon the mother is killed and Sieglinde disappears. Siegmund lives with his father till he, too, disappears. He wanders through the forest in search of him, till he comes foot-sore and weary to the hut of Hunding the forester.

Here he is refreshed by Seiglinde, now the forester's wife. Ignorant of their relation, a passionate bond springs up between Siegmund and Sieglinde. Hunding recognizes in him an enemy and challenges the defenceless wanderer to fight. Then the magic sword promised Siegmund by his father is revealed thrust into a tree. This Siegmund joyfully draws, and he and Sieglinde escape from the hut.

Weary and weak, Sieglinde sinks in exhaustion. It is then that Brynhild, Wotan's favorite daughter, appears to tell Siegmund that he is near the joys of Walhall. He refuses to accept any joys which Sieglinde cannot share, and Brynhild, in direct opposition to her father's will, overcome by human love and suffering, says that they shall both live.

Soon Siegmund meets Hunding in combat. Brynhild appears to protect the hero, but Wotan descends in wrath and shatters the magic sword just as Siegmund is about to overcome the foe. Brynhild places the grief-stricken Sieglinde upon her horse, gathers up the pieces of the broken sword and flees from her father's anger.

Wotan pursues. Brynhild has just time to shelter Sieglinde in the forest, give her the broken sword, and bid her keep it for the little one to come. Then she turns to meet her father's wrath. He angrily decrees that she shall sleep by the wayside to become the slave of the first passerby, but Brynhild entreats him to place her within a circle of fire that at least he, who came to her might be a dauntless hero. His anger soothed, Wotan grants his daughter's boon, and takes a tender, sorrowful farewell of her.

Meanwhile Siegfried is brought up in the forest by Mime, the brother of Alberick. At last he is obliged to tell his charge the story of birth, and give him the sword of his father. Siegmund forges anew the magic weapon, and instigated by Mime, who hopes to obtain the treasure, he starts out to slay the dragon. He succeeds in killing the monster and obtaining the treasure for himself. Having accidentally tasted of the dragon's blood, he is warned of his foster father and, on his return slays him in impetuous wrath. He is besides enabled to understand the language of the birds, who urge him on to seek Brynhild. He makes his way through the fire, awakes the maiden, and a mutual passion draws them together.

In the rocky fastesses they live in ideal happiness, until Siegfried thirsts for adventure. At length he sets out for the court of Gunther, leaving his evil ring, whose power he does not know, with Brynhild. He comes to the court of the powerful king. Hagen, Alberich's son, plots against the innocent Siegfried. He gives him a drugged potion which causes him to forget Brynhild. Siegfried falls passionately in love with Gutrune, sister to the king, and demands her in marriage. Gunther bids him bring Brynhild to the court. Siegfried has even forgotten her name. He goes to her in disguise, and wrests the ring from her. She follows him to the court, recognizes him, and impelled by jealous rage conspires with Hagen to kill him.

A hunting party is planned, and while Siegfried's back is turned, Hagen treacherously stabs him, but not before Siefried has been brought to realize the witchcraft practiced upon him, for he dies with Brynhild's name upon his lips. Solemnly the hunters bear him the court. Brynhild sees the ring and realizes the curse. She claims her right as his wife, orders a funeral pyre to be built upon the bank of the Rhine, and when his body has been placed upon it, and the pyre lighted, she dashes into the flames upon her beautiful horse, after having thrown the ring back to the Rhine maidens, who rise to receive it.

Mr. Corey varied his lecture by several of the most striking selections from Wagner's opera, and these served to heighten still more the interest of the lecture and to bring the story more vividly before us.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Rev. Edward Abbott, of Cambridge, will preach in the Chapel, Sunday, November ninth.

Miss Whiting has been elected president of the Christian Association, to fill the place left vacant by the resignation of Miss Knox.

Last Saturday evening, Oct. 25, the Shakespeare Society, Zeta Alpha, the Art Society, and the Microscopical Society, all held their regular meetings.

Four new members were received into the Shakespeare. Miss Mabel Glover, Miss Helen Cook and Miss Harriet Gage, '92, and Miss Drusilla Douglas, '93. Miss Mary Howe, '88, was present at the meeting.

Zeta Alpha carried out the following programme.

Subject:—Recent Essayists.

Charles Dudley Warner was presented by Miss McCaulley.

John Burroughs was presented by Miss Carter.

Robert Louis Stevenson was presented by Miss Alma Beale.

Talk on George William Curtis, - Miss Hand.

Talk on Edith Thomas, - - - Miss Sibley.

Talk on Agnes Repplier, - - - Miss Kyle.

Miss Martha Goddard and Miss McIlareny, '92, will be initiated into Phi Sigma, next Saturday, at its regular meeting.

Tuesday, Oct. 21, Miss Coman addressed her Political Economy class, and all others who were interested, on the subject of "The McKinley Bill."

All will regret to hear that Fraülein Eggers has been obliged to leave Wellesley, on account of ill-health. She will go to Germany, to stay until her entire recovery will enable her to return to College again.

The following notice has come from the Harvard University Cycling Association. It will be interesting to all those who like to watch good cycling.

AMATEUR RACE MEET.

Open to Colleges, Schools, and the B. A. A. On Holmes Field, Cambridge, Mass., Saturday, Nov. 8, 1890, at 2.30 P. M.

Events.

1. Half-mile Safety, scratch — Novice, open to Harvard only.
2. One Mile Ordinary, handicap— open.
3. Half-mile Safety, handicap— open.
4. Quarter-mile Ordinary, handicap— open.
5. One Mile Safety, scratch— Inter-scholastic, open to all preparatory schools.
6. Two Mile Ordinary, scratch— Intercollegiate.
7. One Mile Safety, handicap— Intercollegiate.

Two Medals, struck from dies owned by the Association, will be given in each event.

In the Interscholastic race, a slver cup has been presented, to be competed for by the Interscholastic Cycling Association, under rules similar to those which govern the Mott Haven games.

The Senior class held a union prayer-meeting last Sunday evening, on the Chapel platform. Miss Coman led the meeting, and gave a talk on "Working-girls' Clubs.

The Juniors held their union meeting in the Stone Hall parlor. The subject was from Psalms LXXXIV: 7; "From Strength to Strength." Miss Hawley led the meeting.

The Bible classes of Miss Scudder and Miss Coman are to divide into groups for their Sunday evening meetings, this year, and each group will take, for special study, one of the following subjects:—The Saints of Heathendom; Allen's "Continuity of Christian Thought," with readings from the Early Fathers; Lives of the Saints; Books of the Inward Life; Sacred Song; Christion Worship; Leaders of Modern Religious Thought; The Psalter; Alden's "God in His World;" History of the Different Branches of the Church; The Prayer-meeting.

Many of the students have availed themselves of the grand opportunity, offered them, of seeing "The Angelus" and the Verestchagin collection, in Boston. The Faculty have willingly given permission to all those who wished to be excused from recitation, for this purpose. One Art enthusiast sat for three hours before "The Angelus." She certainly showed her appreciation of a privilege which she will never have again, in America, at least.

THE Freemanites have deemed themselves fortunate in having Miss Scudder spend Thursday nights with them, for some weeks past. The so-called "guest-room" is now occupied by Miss Cushman, '91, who has moved there from Stone Hall, but they hope that Miss Scudder's flying visits will still continue.

THERE would be little need of gymnastics at Wellesley, were all the College girls as energetic as two Seniors, who walked eighteen miles without stopping, the other day, and felt almost as fresh at the end of their walk as at the beginning.

IT is almost an old joke now to give any "grinds" on the Freshmen, but this is such a good one that it will be pardoned. Some of them started out for a row on the lake in one of the huge College boats. They seemed to find difficulty in getting on very fast, but it was not until they had rowed quite far out from the shore that they found *the boat was going stern foremost*.

EARLY last week, pretty little Japanese fans began to appear in different parts of the College, bearing on them what appeared at first to be hieroglyphics. But when the Japanese (?) lettering was properly read, the recipients learned that they were invited to a "Simpson Tea, October twenty-fifth." The day of the reception, unfortunately, did not make the walk to Simpson as alluring as could have been hoped, but when one entered the door, all was changed. From corner to corner of the hall lighted Japanese lanterns were hung, and parasols and Oriental draperies filled every possible nook. In the parlor, which was a bower of autumn leaves, Miss Clark, Miss Hayes and Miss Denio, with Mrs. P. B. Goodwin, in whose honor the tea was given, received the many guests. Tea and chocolate were served in the dining-room, where half a dozen of the hostesses, with dainty fans stuck high in their hair, presided. Everything went off charmingly, but the crowning success of the afternoon was the presence of Miss Sugiye, who appeared in full Japanese costume, much to the delight of every-one.

MISS Harriet Constantine, '89, spent a few hours at Norumbega, one day last week, on her way to Boston, from Worcester, where she is teaching in the High School.

PROF. Horsford spent the day at Norumbega, last week.

THE many friends of Miss Mary Howe, '88, were glad to welcome her again to Wellesley last week. She remained at the College until Monday.

MISS Gertrude Chandler and Mrs. Carrie Newell Ferguson, '79, spent Sunday at Freeman, with their former class-mate, Miss Montague. Miss Chandler and Mrs. Ferguson are now missionaries in India.

MISS McIver, '90, spent Sunday at Freeman, with Miss Newcomb, '91.

MISS Helen A. Clark, student at Wellesley, '84-'87, stayed with Miss Foster, Sp., at Mrs. Lovewells, several days last week.

MR. Joseph Reed spent Sunday at Wellesley, with his daughter, Miss Sallie Reed, '91.

WELLESLEY is not in the habit of mistaking its gentlemen visitors for tramps, yet this very thing happened last Saturday evening. An innocent young man, who was standing, somewhat in the shadow, outside one of the cottages, created no small alarm among the passers-by; and a member of the Faculty was called out to investigate matters, before it was discovered who he was.

THE following extract from the "Academy" of Sept. 20th, together with a portion of a letter from Mr. Goodyear, may be interesting to those who enjoyed his course of lectures on "Greek Art," last year.

Mr. Goodyear writes:—"Professor Reginald Stuart Powll, of the British Museum, has taken public stand in favor of my lotus discoveries, in bulk, in an address before University College, London, two days ago. B. V. Head and Cecil Smith of the British Museum concur." From the Academy:—"Mr. W. H. Goodyear, of New York, is now in London, preparing for the publication of his *magnum opus*, "The Grammar of the Lotus," a work which he has had in preparation for several years, and which is of the first importance as regards the history and development of decorative art in the Ancient East." This book has been purchased for the Art Library, and will doubtless be a valuable addition for all those interested in this subject.

ALL those who recite on the fifth floor, have, this last week, been alarmed by the sound of masculine voices, apparently coming from the outer air. But there is no just cause for terror, for College Hall is being painted, and the voices belong to those who are carrying on the good work.

IT will delight many to know that the beautiful fairy tale of "The Golden Key," by George MacDonald, is now published by Lothrop, and that it can be obtained there, or at the College Book Store. It is in a white cover, similar to "The White Lady," and the short stories of Tolstoi; and is a dainty contrast to the only other form published, an old-fashioned English edition, entirely inappropriate to the exquisiteness of this spiritual story. Price 25 cents; postage 3 cents.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

In Memoriam—May Ellis Searing.

"Thou layest thy hand on the fluttering heart,
And sayest 'Be still!'
The silence and shadow are only a part
Of Thy sweet will."

Another heart, always loyal and true, has heard the Master's voice, and is at rest. On the evening of September the 29th our friend, May Ellis Searing, laid aside the burdens and toils of this earth, and went to take her place with the many saints who serve day and night before the throne.

She had been with us only twenty-seven years, and for more than sixteen happy years of that time, she had found delight in loving and serving the best and truest Friend of men. She seemed to us just fitted for a long life of usefulness for the Master here, and we were not prepared for the silence and the shadow which have fallen around us.

Nature bestowed upon her a keen intellect, a passionate love of music, and a high sense of honor. These endowments, directed by loving and faithful parents, made of her a noble, educated and pure-hearted woman. Her childhood learning was gained by the side of a mother who believes that all knowledge is of God, and the child grew to know that "God is Love," and in Him is all fulness of wisdom.

She became a student at Wellesley College in the fall of '81, and graduated from the musical scientific course in June, '86. On Thanksgiving day of the same year she gave her hand to one who had long held the love of her heart. Without were wind and rain and sleet, but these were all forgotten in the new hope and happiness within.

On Saturday, October 1st, 1887, was held the first meeting of the New York State Wellesley Association, in the formation of which Mrs. Searing had been much interested. She bore her part towards the entertainment of the guests, although unable herself to be present. Early in the morning of the second their home was gladdened by a new life. From that time her greatest delight was to watch over the growth and care for the welfare of her little son, Ellis Richard Searing. The added home duties but opened her heart the wider in behalf of God's people, and the interests of church and Sunday School found in her a hearty support and a willing worker. She received the reward of a faithful laborer before she left this earthly home, in that it was her privilege to see all the members of her Sunday School class accept as their Friend and Master, the Son of the all-loving Father, our Elder Brother. Little did we think that thus early her life work would end, and even now dare any of us say that the end has come?

"'Tis not the whole of life to live:
Nor all of death to die."

At the second meeting of our Association Mrs. Searing read a paper on "Industrial Training Schools," which showed a thoughtful and earnest study of the needs in that department of our educational system. Last year she was given the place of toast mistress, and with her keen wit she added much to the pleasure of all present. To-day she would have occupied the secretary's chair beside our president. She desired much to be with us, but the call of a dearer Friend came to her, and she left us to go to that happier and "Better Land."

They put upon her the wedding dress, and the day that her little boy was three years old, they tenderly laid the mortal remains of the mother in her last resting place. But the friend, the wife, the mother, is not there. For her the heavens have opened, and we know that she is watching from the other side of the cloud, the loved ones left behind.

"What comfort, when with clouds of woe
The heart is burdened and must weep,
To feel that pain must end,—to know,
'He giveth his beloved sleep.'

"When in the mid-day march we meet
The outstretched shadows of the night,
The promise, how divinely sweet,
'At even-tide it shall be light.'"

—*Prepared for the Wellesley Association of New York State, held in Rochester, Oct.* 11.

Mrs. Caroline Soule Metcalf, '80, will make her home in Northfield, Minn., this year, her husband having been appointed professor of chemistry at Carleton College.

Miss Clara Ames, '83, has recently returned to this country, after a sojourn of four years in Germany, where she has been studying music and languages.

Miss Ella Drury, '79, is conducting private classes in Microscopy, in Boston.

Miss Minnie Young, '84, has removed from Kentucky, and will spend the winter in Dover, N. H.

Mrs. Verna Sheldon Hicks, '84, whose marriage was recorded in a recent number of the PRELUDE, will make her home in Portland, Me.

Miss Katherine Lee Bates, '80, and Miss Annie Scoville, student at Wellesley '84-'86, have spent a delightful summer of travel in England and Scotland. They intend to be in Oxford for the fall term of the University.

THE many Wellesley friends of Mrs. Martha Foote Crow will be sorry to hear of the great losses which have come to her this summer and fall. During the summer, her little daughter, Agatha, died at Colorado Springs, and September 28th Prof. Crow started for Grinnell, Ia., and died on the train soon after leaving Denver.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

Amherst College has received a bequest of $40,000 towards the professorship of Greek and Sculpture.

Union College has received a deed of $75,000 to endow a professorship of Political Economy and Social Science.

Harvard under-graduates do not favor a three years' course.

There are registered at the University of Michigan 2,244 students, 250 more than were enrolled last year. 447 new students have applied for admission. There are 25 Japanese students in attendance.

The alumni of Yale Law School are discussing the plan of erecting a new building for the institution, which now occupies the top story of the county court-house. The present rooms of the school will accomodate only 160 students.

At Colby University, this year marks the beginning of the co-ordinate system and the abolition af the co-education system. This is considered to be a wise move. A large annex for the ladies has been added to the college buildings.

A valuable addition has been made to the meteorological department at the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, in the shape of an electrograph, which is used to measure the amount of electricity in the atmosphere. It consists of a Thomson electrometer, a registering apparatus, and a water-dripping apparatus. This instrument was made in London, and cost $600. It is the only one in the United States, and one of the few in the world.

A Northern Oratorical League has been organized by the Michigan University of Ann Arbor, the Northwestern University, Oberlin College and the Wisconsin State University, of Madison. An annual contest will be held in May of each year, at which two prizes will be awarded, one of $100, the other of $50.

Work has been begun upon the new Alumnae Gymsium of Smith College, and it is expected that the building will be well enclosed before cold weather. The building will be constructed of brick, laid with red mortar, and trimmed with stone and terra-cotta; the interior is to be finished in brick and hard wood. On the ground floor will be the gymnasium proper, 54 by 100 ft., at one end of which there is an ample stage provided with ante-rooms. The running track extends arouud the building upon a gallery supported from below. The basement contains two bowling alleys, dressing-rooms, toilets, lockers, and a swimming bath of good size. The site of the gymnasium is west of the Washburn house, upon the broad driveway leading through the campus.—*Ex.*

WABAN RIPPLES.

First Freshman: Why is a diedral angle like a kiss?

Second Freshman: Because it is where two faces meet.

Art Student: He is a fine model for the life class; he stands so still.

Freshman: Oh! is that what you call drawing from still life?

Instructor in Mathematics: Miss B—, your proof has a flaw in it. What is this line?

Miss B— (regardiag figures disconsolately): It is N. G.

There was a whispered consultation outside the door on which was posted an S. A. card, and then a note was poked under in which her friends wished to know if *S. A.* did not mean Semi- A-ccasionally.

Only a few days ago a Freshman was heard to say, "Oh! I can't bear to stay indoors. I wish some teacher would come to take me out to walk!"

Professor at Faculty Table (to Minister): Would it not be delightful to have this dining-room like those in the universities abroad, with beautiful stained glass windows representing ministering angels?

Minister (gallantly): Ah! why desire the representation when you have the reality?

The Cottage street Glee Song.

Ring out all ye voices,
Hand it down to fame;
Cottage street rejoices,
Baby has a name.

Two new teeth are coming;
Dresses have grown short;
Baby tender 's humming
"Domestic work is sport."

Silent time forever
We are forced to keep;
He observes it never,
Though we wish to sleep.

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